



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

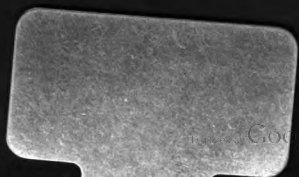
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

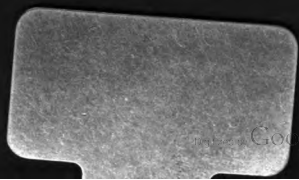
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



HELEN SIDDAL.









1489 . f . 1759 .

**HELEN SIDDAL.**

**A STORY FOR CHILDREN.**











# HELEN SIDDAL.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY

ELLEN PALMER,

AUTHOR OF "CHRISTMAS AT THE BEACON," ETC. ETC.

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

1871.



## CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I.—THE ECLIPSE, . . . . .	1
II.—HELEN'S SCHOOL LIFE, . . . . .	18
III.—HOLIDAY TIME, . . . . .	31 .
IV.—THE SEASIDE, . . . . .	47
V.—A QUIET SUNDAY, . . . . .	59
VI.—HELEN AND HER FATHER, . . . . .	73
<hr/>	
A CHILD AT PRAYER, . . . . .	99





# HELEN SIDDAL.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### THE ECLIPSE.

“**B**E sure that you awaken in good time; I shall not arouse any idlers, you must remember.”

This was the parting salutation of Mr. Siddal to his two children, when he wished them “good-night” one evening in spring.

An eclipse of the sun was to take place very early on the following morning, and the father had promised to take his children to a high hill outside the town where they might see the sun rise, and have a good view of the eclipse.

A strange sense of wonder broke upon little Helen’s mind next morning when she was awakened by her elder sister Thia; the grey dawn was only just changing into



## 2 *STARLIGHT IN THE MORNING.*

day; the street looked so quiet when she peeped through the window; and the stars glimmered with a faint, pale light, as though they were quite tired with their long night's watch.

Very soon Thia and Helen with their father and mother were out in the open street, Helen, as the youngest, clinging closely to her father's hand. Many people have written the praises of quiet streets in the early morning. To those who live in towns there is a peaceful freshness in the air which no one else can understand; even little Helen felt something of this quiet beauty.

All of the party were anxious to reach Tonever Hill, and Helen was very careful of the piece of smoked glass which her father had given to her; for the kind father had spent a long time last night in smoking some pieces of glass over the candle to shade their eyes when they looked at the sun. Well, at last they were on the hill. The sun had not risen; but there was light enough for them to see the little round house, or Bridewell, where the father told his

children that all evil-doers were put by the constable until they could be taken to the large prison in town. Helen clung more closely to her father, and wondered if the constable would find out that she had stolen some of the sweet-pea seeds which her mother had set apart as a present to Thia for her little garden. It was true that Helen had lost the seeds while secretly carrying them to school, but that made her sin no less, as she very well knew. The Bridewell stood in the midst of an enclosed field; a few sheep were quietly eating the grass. At any other time Helen would have been delighted to look at the pretty white creatures; now she could only think that they looked happy and innocent, so very different from what she felt herself to be.

Little Helen had very nearly stifled the first upbraidings of conscience for having disobeyed, deceived, and stolen three days ago; but now there stood before her the Bridewell where people were shut up, and perhaps even chained, for doing nothing worse than she had done.

This was a terrible thought, and the child

trembled so much that her kind father fancied she must be tired, and took her up in his arms to rest : but this did not mend matters, for Helen could only feel more deeply the sin she had committed in deceiving one who loved her so tenderly, and putting her head down upon his shoulder she sobbed most bitterly.

"Nay, nay, this will never do," said her father, "we must not have her awakened so early again."

"Why, little one, these tears will spoil your nice glass ; and if that is spoiled, how can you look at the sun ?"

"There ! there ! little Helen must stop now. Give mother a kiss, and then drive father up the hill like a brave little rider."

This Helen could not do. She could not play, but kept her head on her father's shoulder, until they had reached the place from which they were to watch the eclipse.

Upon the top of Tonever Hill, a low wall divided the road from some fields, which sloped down to the river. Helen's father put her to stand upon this wall ; he kissed

her, put his arm firmly round her, and then told them to look at the view below.

The children looked ; far away they saw high mountains, which looked grey and solemn in the first beams of the rising sun. Nearer, but still a long way off, was a lower range, and again below this the "beautiful river," as Helen always called it, although this was in reality a wide arm of the sea rushing up between two counties, to meet a very little river, and carry it away to the ocean.

How beautiful those Welsh hills looked to the town-born children ! As the sun rose higher they lost their solemn grey colour, and flushed all over with a strange dreamy pink hue ; and very happy the children were in looking at them, and at the surging sea, with the many white-sailed ships floating into the river.

Helen's tears were dried and all her sorrow forgotten when her father told them to turn round and have their glasses ready. When the children turned, they saw the sun shining well over the trees, on the crest of the hill. They saw him bright and clear, without one cloud, one shadow ; but their

father knew by his watch that the eclipse was just about to take place.

Helen's elder sister put up her glass, but Helen stood by her father, gazing earnestly at the sun, without any shade.

"Oh, Helen! Helen! put up your glass," said the mother; "your eyes will be utterly spoiled if you look at the bright sun with naked eyes."

Helen, however, gazed fixedly on, without hearing what was said; for, creeping slowly over one edge of that bright disc, was a dark shadow, and all her soul was absorbed in watching. She knew well—for her father had explained it to them last night—that between the world on which they were standing and the mighty sun, the beautiful moon, with her bright face towards the sun and her dark side towards them, was now preparing to pass.

Very slowly, but very steadily, the darkness crept over the face of the sun, and still Helen stood, open-eyed, with the treasured piece of smoked glass lying idle in her hand.

"Do not rouse her," said the father. "As she seems able to bear the brightness, let us hope that it may do her no harm."

Helen, still unconscious of what was said, watched the dark shadow creeping slowly over the sun, but so slowly—oh! so very slowly, she thought. Last night, when her father talked to them, she had not realized the immense size of the sun and moon, and now was rather disappointed that they had to wait so long without much apparent change.

The father then proposed a run along the road, and suggested that they should not look at the sun for a short time. The children gladly agreed, and when they returned to their mother, again raised their eyes. A great surprise awaited them; very nearly half the sun was covered. A strange crescent-shaped lurid light it looked, while the dark shadow still crept slowly on.

The children felt half afraid, and clung closely to their father; but he again proposed a race with Dash—a long race it seemed, for although Helen did not look up, she knew well how very dark it was becoming.

Their mother came to meet the children as they neared the old standing-place.

Helen's father again lifted her on the wall, and once more she ventured to raise her eyes.

Where the sun had been shining a strange black orb filled its place—black, but encircled with a bright halo of flaming light; for the smaller moon could not entirely hide the glory of the sun, and bright rays of light shot upward and outward round the darkening moon.

A strange solemnity filled the air. Helen hid her eyes upon her father's shoulder, and even Thia sheltered herself behind her mother. Some doves which had been fluttering in the air came nestling up to them quite fearlessly, as if seeking protection; while Dash whined very piteously, and seemed as uneasy as the children in this strange darkness.

Very soon, however, the light increased where the dark shadow had first appeared. Then the children saw that their father's words were indeed true; the darkness was really passing away, and now they might enjoy it thoroughly.

Helen took up her glass and used it so perseveringly, that Thia laughed, and had

already begun to remind her of her first steadfast gaze, when the sun was unclouded ; but her mother whispered that she had best not notice any of Helen's doings, lest she should make the little nervous child too self-conscious.

Then Thia, who was wise as well as merry, quickly entered into her mother's thought, and told Helen to look at the birds which were rising up in the air, singing a wild song of thanksgiving for the returning light ; while Dash barked and wagged his tail, as if he too rejoiced over an overcome danger.

The sun was still partly hidden when the children were lifted from the wall by their father.

"There was no use in their staying longer," he said, "as they saw now that every minute which passed brought more light out of the darkness. And you children have now seen a sight, which wise men have frequently travelled hundreds of miles to witness, and never, I believe, has it been seen to greater advantage than this morning. So run away home as quickly as you can ; run races with Dash down the hill"



The children ran merrily on with Dash until they reached the Bridewell. Here Helen stayed for a minute. The sheep were still grazing in the enclosure, and this time, as Helen looked, they seemed to give her a lesson. She remembered a chapter which her father had read to them about a sheep which had been lost and found, and of a prodigal son who had returned to his father.

Then Helen thought, "Ah! I will tell my father that I have sinned, and will ask him to forgive me, and still love me, and then I shall not be afraid of looking at the Bridewell or the innocent white sheep again."

Without one moment's stay, Helen ran back, and, begging her father to take her in his arms, she told him all the story of her disobedience, and theft.

Very little was said to Helen by her father then. He could now understand the cause of her trouble as they went up the hill, and saw that a deep impression had been made; so he kissed her gently, and told her how glad he was that she had confessed her fault to him. He could see that

she was really sorry for her sin, while he was so thankful for the strength which had enabled her to confess, that he could do little more than assure her of his forgiveness and love.

This confession set little Helen's heart at rest, and she walked home with her hand very tightly clasped round that of her father. The forgiving kisses of father and mother had deepened all her love, and she felt that nothing should ever again tempt her to disobey them.

Helen and Thia did not go to school that morning, and while they sat at breakfast, Thia asked her father how he had been able to tell them the exact time, when the moon would eclipse the sun's light.

"I could not have told you," said her father, "if I had not had an almanac."

The father then showed his children the almanac in his pocket-book, and they saw how against every day was written some event for which it was famous, such as the birth or death of some celebrated person; the days upon which there would appear a new or full moon; while, in a table at the

end, there was a list of the eclipses expected during the year.

“But, father,” said Thia, “how did the man who made the pocket-book know when to expect the eclipses? it does seem so wonderful.”

“It does seem wonderful, darling, and I cannot certainly tell you who gives the first list, although I do know that the calculations are already made for several years in advance. I suppose that in England the Royal Astronomer directs such a list to be published, and that many of the almanac-makers copy it; but it is also possible that some almanacs are published by those who have themselves made the observations for the eclipses.”

“But, father dear, please do tell me easily how they can tell?” persisted Thia.

“How? how do they? it is always how is it done? with Thia,” said the mother.

“Yes; and I would very gladly explain, if I thought she could understand,” was the father’s reply. He then thought for a few minutes before he continued, “Thia, do you remember when I was ill last year, and you,

like a loving little daughter, spent all your half-holidays in reading to me while I lay on the drawing-room sofa?"

"O yes," Thia remembered that sorrowful time very well.

"Well! do you remember the day when mother had to go to Havertree, and you stayed from school altogether, that you might nurse father, and do you remember how very long the day seemed, and how much surprised you were to see that the sun, which shone brightly in through the side window in the morning, seemed to travel quickly round until he shone through the front window, and at last disappeared altogether?"

"O yes," Thia had not forgotten her first wonder in watching what she thought was the sun moving, until her father explained, that the movement was that of their own earth, and illustrated this by a ball and candle.

"Well, dear. You remember that you tried to interest little Helen in your pleasure, and that you used to take her up to see this travelling light; but when winter

## 14 *THE ASTRONOMER'S WORK.*

came, you complained that the sun only shone in through half of the side window, and set before he had passed over half of the front window?"

"O yes," Thia remembered that too. And how her father had explained that this was owing to the place they were in; for Australia, and countries at the other end of the world were then having the long days, and her father had told her that the earth travelled round the sun every year, as well as turned itself quite round every day, "round its axis," father called it.

"Then can my little girl understand that, as she watched the sun's light shining into the room, wise men spend long years in watching the movements of the sun, moon, and stars; and as you know now, by your watching, when to expect that the summer sun will shine fully round on both windows; so these wise men (astronomers they are called) know when the earth's travels round the sun will have brought her into such a position that this immense earth, with all her hills and mountains, lies just between the sun and moon; of course she then

hides the sun's light from the moon, and that is an eclipse of the moon? Again, their watching tells them when the moon's travels round the earth must bring her between that earth and the sun, when she of course must hide the light of day for a time, as you saw for yourselves this morning.

"This much I think that my little Thia can understand, and she must wait until she is older before she can expect to understand much more.

"Patient, faithful study and watchfulness, with reverent trust in God, are the rules which guide the true astronomer ; and these rules are just as good for me and for my children as for the astronomer. Use every faculty which has been given to you for observing the wonderful works of God ; thus, and thus only, will you learn true reverence and love for that heavenly Father who is the great Creator of all those mighty worlds, yet humbleth Himself to listen to the prayer of the very poorest child, as every true Christian knows well that He does."

That night, when Helen had finished

learning her lessons for the next day, her father came into the little back parlour ; the shop was closed, and he was at liberty to read or sing to their mother whilst she sat sewing.

Helen often wished that she was allowed to sit up later ; but there was no help for it ; her bed-time came when it seemed to her that the real happiness of the day had only just begun.

That night Mr. Siddal said a few words to his child which she never forgot.

“Thank God to-night, dear Helen, that He gave you strength to confess your sin ; and pray Him that you may always be enabled to confess your sin, whatever it may be, to the person you have wronged, whether you have wronged him in thought, word, or deed ; strive always to be open in all your ways, do nothing secretly, and pray very earnestly that you may be enabled to be more and more truthful, for the sake of that Lord and Saviour, by whose name you are called,—for I hope my little girl will some day prize as she should her name of Christian. Will my Helen try ?”

Helen's "Yes, father," was a very faint one; she had not fully understood her father, although the words remained in her memory; and she fell asleep that night very tired, but very thankful that she had pleased her father, and also, she felt, One kinder, more loving to His children, than even her own loving father could be.





## CHAPTER II.

### HELEN'S SCHOOL LIFE.

**T**HE school to which Thia and Helen went was kept by three maiden ladies, who lived in a large old house, in what had very recently been "the country," but the town had encroached upon them, and now nothing remained to remind them of the country but the large garden surrounding the house.

It is true that very little beauty remained in the garden, for the town smoke killed the plants very often before they bloomed.

Surrounded by smoky chimneys, and having their branches among the impure smells from some chemical works, a few large trees still stood in the old school garden, and in the early spring, when their leaves were still fresh and green, a pair of

rooks came regularly and built their nests in the branches of these old town trees.

Helen used often to watch the large black birds carrying the sticks for their nests, and listen to the solemn caws over her head; then for a time only one would fly about; after this there was a commotion of young rooks in the nest, and fluttering flights across the garden, until the young ones were hardly to be distinguished from their parents; then all would fly away, one pair only returning to the old nest in the next spring.

The names of Helen's mistresses were Miss Rosamond, Miss Anne, and Miss Matilda; they were very kind ladies, and had separated one part of the garden for the use of those children who cared to have a garden to keep in order. Of course this obliged such children to go to school a little earlier, and sometimes to work upon a half holiday.

Thia had shown Helen how to plant her mignonette, Virginia stock, and mustard and cress; these last had been sown very carefully. Thia had printed the letters of Helen's name very neatly with a piece of stick upon the carefully raked earth, then

she had shown Helen how to drop the seed into the letters and cover it lightly over with fine soil, and very soon "Helen Siddal" shone brightly out in beautiful green leaves upon the brown earth.

Poor little Helen was sorely puzzled, her great ambition had been to take some of that mustard and cress for her father and mother's breakfast when they were least expecting such a treat; but now it did seem quite wrong to spoil such beautiful green writing by cutting it down. Thia told her, however, that she need not grieve, for that she had left her's last year, and was very sorry that she had done so, as it grew tall and out of the pattern in which it first came up, was not fit to eat, and, although father said they ought not to call anything which God had made ugly, yet she certainly must say that it did look dreadfully untidy, and not one bit pretty.

Helen had great faith in Thia, who was more than two years older than she was, so, profiting by her experience, she cut down the mustard and cress when it was young and fresh, and had her reward, for her father

and mother told her it was the very best they had ever tasted.

Helen liked going to school; she was really fond of learning, and had such a kind mistress, and pleasant reading-book, that it was no wonder she liked her lessons; she was not six years old, and had not many lessons to learn; but the book which contained the tales of "Lazy Lawrence" and "The Orphans" was watched with very longing eyes, after reading was over, and it was returned to her teacher's drawer.

Thia was not in Helen's class, and had much more to do, not only at school, but in the evening's preparation at home.

The last exercise in Thia's French grammar was a tale called Bathmendi, written in English for the learner to translate.

Helen did not learn French, but she enjoyed reading this story of the four brothers who were directed to search after happiness; and how one sought it upon the battle-field among soldiers, another in the courts of powerful kings, the third sought it as a poet; but only one really found happiness, and he found it in doing his simple duty upon the farm, in

making his wife and young children happy and virtuous, and caring for the old age of her father. Helen read the story thus, and specially liked the ending, where the happy, contented farmer receives his disappointed, beggared brothers; clothes, comforts, and teaches them, until they also find happiness in a virtuous home.

One evening when Helen was later than usual in going to bed, Thia showed the "theme" she had written to her father, in Helen's presence, who never forgot his words—

"Why, how is this? Thia dear, you have dated your exercise Wednesday, the 23d, that will be to-morrow, to-day is Tuesday."

"Yes, father; but I shall show it on Wednesday."

"Never let your hand write an untruth, my dear," was the reply. "Date your exercise always upon the day on which you write the date, you may not live to see the 23d; so alter the date now, and ever remember to be true in hand, heart, and soul."

Thia worked very hard, but she was the youngest in her class, so had no expectation of

gaining the prize; while Helen, who was in the lowest class, felt sure that she must win one.

The prize for the youngest class was given to the little one who could, on breaking-up day, show the greatest number of red tickets: every day the child who deserved such reward, received a tiny bit of cardboard, bearing the impression of their teacher's private seal, in red wax. These tickets (carefully hoarded in dainty silk bags, manufactured from scraps of ribbon or silk given by their mothers) were counted over many times during a week.

There was no doubt in Helen's class as to who would win the prize: all knew that Helen had five tickets more than Martha Hill, three weeks before breaking-up day; so that she must win, if she were well enough to go to school regularly.

Nothing could have tempted Helen to stay from school, or idle while there, during those three weeks; and on the important day she received her first prize: a very pretty book, with pictures of many animals, and accounts of their habits and homes in their native countries.

This prize was a great treasure in Helen's eyes. Thia, too, was just as much pleased as if she had won it herself; but best of all were the kisses from father and mother, and their pleasure in the steady work which had gained it.

Every Saturday the cart which brought the clean clothes from the washerwoman drew up to the shop door. Thia and Helen were always on the look-out for it. Mrs. Tusker was such a kind-hearted country-woman, that the children felt the sight of her blue covered cart to be one of the greatest pleasures of their lives: very often she used to bring the children a bunch of flowers, or a nest with tiny bird's eggs in it, which her ploughboy had brought in from the field.

Helen and Thia lived too entirely in the town to be able to realize that taking the nest away from the birds was a very cruel action; they were so delighted to see the wonderful little bird-home that they could think of nothing else.

One Saturday, soon after "breaking-up day," Mrs. Tusker looked very much pleased when she came down from their mother; she

told the children that they would see her cart again on Wednesday, but she must not tell them any more, as their mother did not wish them to know the reason; she did not think, however, that they would be very sorry to see the cart even if she were not in it, at least she hoped not.

What could this mean? The children puzzled it over, at least Helen did, for she half fancied that Thia knew all about it, but was not allowed to tell her, lest she should "excite herself," as they always would call her happiness.

Certainly something was going to happen. Betsy brought down a large black trunk from the garret to her mother's room, and their mother began to pack sheets, tablecloths, and even some of their clothes in it. "What could this mean?" thought Helen.

On Tuesday, their mother took Thia and Helen out with her, and bought them each such a strange bonnet, made of calico, with a very long curtain hanging half-way down the child's back.

One thing was certain, thought Helen; she never would go to school in that bonnet.



No, she never would ; everybody would laugh at her, and Helen did not like being laughed at. So, before the bonnet was paid for, while there was still time for a prettier one to be bought, Helen drew her mother down to listen to her, and then very gravely assured her that the bonnet poked over her eyes so very much that it hid all the light; that she did not like it at all, and was quite sure she could never see if she did try to wear it. The mother smiled, and said that the light in the streets of a town was very different from that by the sea-shore; and she thought Helen would like the bonnet very well after a while.

Helen was still more puzzled. What had she to do with the light on the sea-shore? It was altogether a mystery; and really it was too bad of Thia, she evidently understood what their mother meant, and yet would not tell her. So, as soon as they reached home, Helen peeped into the shop to see if any customer was there; finding no one but her father, she rushed in, and told him that her mother had bought two of the ugliest bonnets he ever saw, and that Thia

laughed, and mother laughed, and they would not tell her what they meant; but would not he tell her what was going to happen, and why they would not tell her anything? Then she hid her face on his shoulder, and broke out into such a sorrowful fit of crying, that her father saw they had this time made the very mistake they wished to avoid.

Taking Helen on his knee, her father asked her very gently why Mrs. Tusker's cart was coming on Wednesday?

Helen did not know.

"Well, then, she was coming to take them to her farm, where they were to have lodgings for a month; and as her farm was not far from the shore, they would go down to bathe every day; and this was the reason why mother had bought the clean, sensible bonnets, to save her little girls' eyes and skins from the glare of the sun on the sand."

This news seemed so wonderful, yet so very, very good, that Helen could do nothing but stare silently for some minutes; then joy in the prospect of seeing all she had so much

longed to see overcame every other feeling ; she scarcely stayed to kiss her father, but danced off to tell baby the good news, although baby could not understand one word she said.

Then Helen told Thia that her father had said once it was very wrong to do anything secretly ; so she would tell Jane in the kitchen, and Dash, and she was very sorry that Betsy knew, for she would have told her.

Helen's mother overheard what she was saying to Thia, so called her into her room, and said,

“Helen, dear, do you think that I love you?”

Helen paused before answering ; she had not forgotten the hurt feeling of the last two days, when she had seemed so entirely shut out from her mother's sympathy ; but again a remembrance of the patient, loving care of that mother during her childish illnesses, of the motherly sympathy when her father had once whipped her, all these thoughts rose quietly up in her memory, and so, raising her head, she answered steadily,

"Yes, mother."

"Then, Helen dear, if you believe that I love you, you must try to have more faith in me. I have not watched my little girl in health and sickness for six years without knowing what is good for her, far better than she can know herself. If I had told you of our intended journey three days since, I know very well that for three nights you would have tried to keep Thia awake to talk over your expected pleasure, that you would have awakened very early, restless, and impatient, and by Wednesday would have been quite tired out by the excitement of sleepless nights and impatient days ; all this I know, because I have watched you when you have been expecting other pleasures, and all this I wished to spare you. Again, Helen dear, I think my little girl forgot that she was speaking of her mother just now ; of that mother whom she knows it is her duty to honour ; it is wrong, very wrong, as your father told you, to do anything secretly ; but there is a great deal of difference between doing something which you wish to hide from the eye

of man, which you dared not do if you remembered that the eye of God was upon you, and between your parents keeping from your knowledge for a time, something they have planned for your good. There was no secrecy about our journey, every one in the house knew of it but yourself, and you would have known to-night, as I had intended telling you. Will my little girl strive to have more faith in her parents' love ; and believe that, at six years of age, she is not quite old enough to understand, or be told all their plans for her good ? ”

Helen, who felt very thoroughly ashamed of herself, begged her mother to forgive her impatience and disrespect, and promised very earnestly that she would strive to be more trustful, and try to resist the temptation of thinking her father or mother unkind.



### CHAPTER III.

#### HOLIDAY TIME.

**E**RY soon after breakfast the next morning the children were ready dressed for the journey, and were eagerly watching from the parlour window for the first glimpse of Mrs. Tusker.

The cart came at last, and when the children peeped into it, they were surprised to see how very comfortable it looked; there were no clothes or vegetable baskets in it, but a low bench had been placed on each side, and clean straw strewn upon the bottom. Betsy got in first with baby, then Helen was lifted up, and told to sit very steadily upon her seat; afterwards Thia climbed up, and last of all the trunk and cradle were packed in, with a large basket of provisions; then the curtains at the back were drawn, and

their father appeared in the front to get a last kiss from each ; he and their mother were not going until evening, and Helen found it rather desolate setting off without them.

The streets were paved with large stones ; as the cart rumbled over them it jolted so much that the children found it very difficult to keep their seats on the bench.

Jolt, jolt went the cart on through those streets which they knew well, and afterwards through those streets they did not know ; where tall warehouses, six or seven stories high, looked dark and gloomy after their own comparatively cheerful street. Jolt, jolt—Helen could bear it no longer ; she had been grasping her bench tightly with both hands for some time, in fact until she was quite tired, and loosening her hand for rest, just when the cart was about to give a greater jolt than usual, down she fell among the straw at the bottom with a very bitter cry.

Everything looked so very cheerless—the noise made it so impossible to hear anything Betsy might say—that the child felt utterly forsaken, and although not really hurt, cried as loudly and determinately as if she had lost

a limb ; then baby, hearing her cry, thought that something must be amiss in the little dark cart, so she helped to swell the noise.

Betsy had enough to do in soothing baby, so that little Helen would have been very wretched, if Thia had not slipped down from her seat ; she put her arm round Helen, and very soon had comforted her so effectually, that she coaxed her up to the front of the cart, where they could kneel on the floor close beside Mrs. Tusker, and look out while they talked to her.

Thia kept her arm round Helen and encouraged her to look out. The long street with the gloomy-looking warehouses was now passed, and they came to a bare open space, where many hundreds of people, men, women, and children, were employed in making bricks.

Helen had never seen brickmakers at work before, and the sight roused her up thoroughly ; she was quite happy and amused in watching the little boys running about, placing the unbaked bricks in long rows, as they turned them out of the wooden moulds ; she thought she should like to be



playing with them, for the work did look like playing at making clay pies, it must be confessed. Very soon the scene changed again, they had passed the boundaries of the town, and now green fields appeared, real green fields on each side of the road, enclosed by hawthorn hedges, with wild rose trees clustering in the midst; the roses looked so very bright and tempting, that both children begged to be set down upon the road, that they might gather some; but Mrs. Tusker said they must not linger, for she had plenty of work to do at home; and if they waited patiently they should have plenty of beautiful roses when they reached the farm.

Baby soon fell asleep, then Betsy was able to sit by the front of the cart, looking out and enjoying the country sights with the children.

Presently they saw the canal, which looked like a dirty, sluggish river; but the children were very glad to see it, as their father and mother were to come to them in the evening by the canal packet boat.

Helen again begged Mrs. Tusker to stay the cart until the packet boat came in

sight, but was told that it only passed in the morning and evening. However, Mrs. Tusker did kindly stay until a barge heavily laden came in sight, then she told them that they must imagine a prettily painted barge, with a roof and comfortable seats inside drawn by two well-fed brightly harnessed horses, who trotted merrily by the side of the canal, and they would have as good an idea of the packet boat as she could give them.

The cart was drawn by a very good horse, who kept up a steady trot, so they soon lost sight of the canal; and now a few large trees appeared on their right hand. Soon Thia pointed out to Helen the hill on which they had stood to watch the eclipse; then they felt the fresh salt breeze blow upon their faces, and presently they saw the sea.

The children were well used to seeing salt water, for their father often found time to take them down to the pier, where they could watch the ships coming in and going out of dock, and hear the strange musical chant of the sailors when they hauled up the anchor.

Once their father stood still for a long time, that they might listen to the sailor's song; and Helen had felt that she would have liked to listen for ever to the deep, wild, steady chant, like no other music in the world.

The view from the town and from Ton-ever Hill was no new sight to the children, but the broad open sea, as they now saw it, so close to them, yet stretching far out to the west, beyond the opposite shore, was a sight full of glory to both, and it was in a high state of excitement that they at length reached the farm.

Mrs. Tusker drove the cart up to the gate of the yard; and here a large dog which was chained up barked loudly as the children were lifted out; but Mrs. Tusker took them up to him, and introduced them very respectfully to the guardian of the place.

"Now, Rover," she said in conclusion, "you must be very good friends with these little girls; for they have left their own Dash behind them, and have no good doggie but you to look after them."

Then Rover wagged his tail, and, as if he understood his mistress, drew up for a coax and a pat, which the children were glad enough to give. After this introduction Rover was their firm friend, and enjoyed with them many a pleasant game on the sandhills and sea-shore.

The farm-house was an old one ; woodbine grew in thick luxuriance over the porch ; before the front door roses grew on high bushes (trees they seemed to the children) in the garden ; while the large white and red cabbage roses were so plentiful, that Mrs. Tusker was able to cut great bunches to adorn the rooms, without in the least spoiling the appearance of the bush from which she took them.

The children were delighted with their little bedroom ; the neat little bed, with white dimity curtains ; the pleasant latticed window through which they could see the garden, and far beyond that the mouth of the river and opposite shore.

Everything was so clean, fresh, and sweet that it is no wonder the little town children enjoyed it all most thoroughly.

After dinner, Betsy told Thia and Helen that they must go out of doors, as she was busy unpacking. Mrs. Tusker told them they might go anywhere they liked about the farm, but Betsy added, "They must not go beyond the gates."

The children rather liked setting off on their voyage of discovery alone; they wandered about the front-garden first, smelling the roses, and looking at the many beautiful flowers they had never seen before. Presently they came upon a large bush of lavender. This they felt sure must be the very bush from which Mrs. Tusker brought the bunches of lavender to their mother, who used to snip the stalks into even lengths, then thread them upon silk, after this she laced them up into a small tube, with very narrow ribbon; filled the tube with the heads of the lavender, then tied each end fast with pretty bunches of ribbon, and placed one in each of their drawers, among their clean clothes.

After they had admired the large lavender bush, the children found a small gate, which led them to the kitchen garden.

There were gooseberry bushes covered with berries, currant bushes, which rose high above their heads, the red berries hanging down in bright profusion ; apple trees with golden clusters and rosy clusters, while a great many trees and vegetables grew around which were entire strangers to the children.

Presently Thia and Helen found themselves before a barn, a great pear-tree spread its branches against the wall, and large heavy-looking pears hung temptingly down ; the children turned a corner, and found the barn-door open ; they peeped in, there was a very pleasant smell of hay, and, as they saw nothing to alarm them, ventured in to explore the building.

In one corner they saw a pretty white hen sitting among some loose straw. Now one of the sights Helen had most longed to see in the country, was that of a hen with her chickens, so she ran quickly up to the gentle-looking bird before her ; as she approached, however, the hen rose up, cackling with all her might, and fluttering her wings and feathers so very angrily, that Helen was

quite frightened; Thia however marched boldly up, and made so much noise, that it was the hen's turn, to be frightened, so fluttering and cackling she left the straw and made for the door; then the children saw about twelve of the very prettiest, softest, little chickens run, and race, and tumble after their mother, while she clucked out her displeasure at being disturbed. The children would have liked to watch those soft, golden little chicks much longer than their mother approved, but she soon found a safe retreat under a large thorn bush, and packed her precious treasures under her wings.

While the children were watching the hen, Mr. Tusker came up to them; he had seen the children following the hen, and told them they must not disturb her again, as they would certainly injure, perhaps kill, the chickens, if they frightened them.

"It is just as though I were to get my strong ploughboy to chase you out of the yard. You would not like that, I suppose?"

"No," the children said, they would not; but Thia explained that she had frightened

the hen, only because it had first frightened Helen.

Mr. Tusker laughed heartily at the idea of a hen frightening any one.

"But yon poor pale-faced little thing will need plenty of our good country bread and milk before she is cured of being frightened, I suppose. Well, now, would you two like a swing to play with?"

"O dear, yes!" they would like that better than anything.

"Well, come and see me litter my pigs, and then I will set you up a famous swing."

The farmer took a large truss of straw from the barn, and then the children trotted very happily by his side, while he went through the yard to a long range of out-buildings; he opened the door of a pig-sty, which a boy had just swept, then the farmer strewed the clean straw carefully over the floor of the sty, and showed the children eight or nine queer little baby pigs running round their mother.

Then Mr. Tusker took the children to the shippons, where two women were seated



upon low stools milking the cows; he promised to teach Thia how to milk; as to Helen, nothing could have tempted her to enter the shippon, and she wondered how Thia could venture to walk so bravely among those long-horned creatures.

When Thia had seen all there was to be seen in the shippon, and they had tasted the warm fresh milk, Mr. Tusker took them back to the barn, he mounted a ladder up to a loft, and presently the children heard his voice high up above them; they looked, and saw him on the rafters of the roof; he was fastening the ends of a thick rope firmly round the rafters, then he let the swing fall down to them. This swing was a comfortable seat of wood, with a back of plaited rope, secured to the thick rope which hung from the roof.

Mr. Tusker then threw several trusses of straw down, and followed them very quickly; he spread the straw on the floor of the barn, saying, whilst he did it,—“If you are determined to fall, your fall shall be as soft and easy as I can make it.” He then seated himself in the swing, to see if the

fastenings were secure, after this, he lifted in Thia, and showed her how to take a firm hold of the ropes; then very gently he pushed the swing, after a while he pushed harder, and the swing rose higher and higher. Helen shuddered when she saw Thia mounting up so high, but Thia enjoyed it most thoroughly.

"Oh! go on," she cried; "higher, please, still higher, it is so glorious! I can see over the house, far away to the mountains."

Mr. Tusker swung Thia until she said she "was afraid they were taking up his time, and Helen must be longing to swing."

Then Helen was lifted up, and swung very carefully by Mr. Tusker, even more gently than he had swung Thia at first, so that she soon lost her fear, and enjoyed it more than she could have believed possible. Mr. Tusker then told the children that they must swing each other, as he could not spare them any more time; only they must be very careful never to set the swing going until the one who was to be swung was firmly seated.

"If you take care to seat yourselves

firmly, there can be no danger in that swing, so long as you keep firm hold of the rope."

The children thanked the kind farmer very often, and found that they could swing each other quite well enough for enjoyment, although it was a very different thing from Mr. Tusker's steady even swing.

Helen and Thia stayed in the barn and yard until Betsy called them into the house for tea; their mother and father came soon afterwards, and very soon the two tired children were sent to bed.

The children went to bed, but what children ever went to sleep upon their first night at the sea-side while there was any daylight?

Thia and Helen lay awake, talking over the events of the day, and planning for the morrow. The sun had set and darkness was closing in, when suddenly Helen gave a loud cry of wonder.

"What was that red light on the white blind?"

Thia looked; yes, there certainly was a beautiful bright crimson light on the window, and what was still more wonderful,

it was moving, slowly moving across the window until at last it gradually passed away.

The children sat up in bed, breathless and silent, watching eagerly to see if it would return, when slowly creeping on in the same place a beautiful bright-green light came upon the blind, large and clear ; there could be no mistake about this second wonder ; and before it had passed away both children were at the top of the stairs calling eagerly for their father and mother.

Mrs. Siddal came up to her children, and when she heard the cause of their cries, she wrapped a shawl round them, and drawing the blind told them to look out, far away on the other side of the river, for the lighthouse, which they had often seen by daylight. Then she told them to remember the purpose for which the lighthouse was built.

" Oh, I know," said Thia ; " it is the light from the lighthouse. Look, Helen, there is the crimson light coming round again."

The children stayed with their mother at the window some time watching the revolving light, and the stars coming out upon the

deep blue sky, which still gleamed in the west with the purple and gold of fading sunset. Then their mother put them back into bed, tucked them up snugly, and the children, after telling her that they had spent a very, very happy day, were soon fast asleep.





## CHAPTER IV.

### THE SEASIDE.

**T**HELEN and Thia had in that first day a foretaste of the many pleasant ones which succeeded it. Almost every day they went down to the shore and bathed; after bathing, they ran upon the sands, filling their little baskets with the pretty pink shells, or dug deep trenches with their wooden spades; trenches for the rising tide to fill. Sometimes Betsy would put baby into Thia's lap, and take her spade; then she would raise a high tower of firmly beaten sand in the midst of the trench, and the children would stand upon the tower top, while the tide rose higher, and filled the trench, feeling themselves very brave to stand so firmly, and enjoy the feeling of being surrounded by the sea.

Then, occasionally, there was a ride upon

a donkey's back ; and very often a walk into the country to gather wild-flowers.

The "ugly bonnets" were brought into use now. At first, Helen obstinately persisted in taking hers off whenever she had an opportunity ; but in a few days her face and neck were so much blistered that she was only too glad to submit, and own that her mother knew best what was good for her.

Two tall landmarks stood upon the shore ; these were large obelisks, painted white, and were intended to guide sailors when they were steering their ships through the many sandbanks which barred the mouth of the river.

Helen and Thia were very fond of playing round these landmarks, looking upon them and the opposite lighthouse as sacred to the preservation of ships from shipwreck ; but one morning they ran in from their play to tell their mother that there was a ship wrecked—really wrecked—lying on her side, with her masts almost touching the waves.

Mrs. Siddal put on her bonnet, and went with the children to the shore ; and, indeed, there was a fine schooner lying on her side upon the great sandbank above the village.

The ship seemed in a pitiful plight ; but the fishermen said there was no danger ; when the next tide came she would be all right, and float away none the worse.

Very happy were those days for the children ; and Helen was fast growing stronger, when one day an accident occurred which put an end to all her happiness by the sea-side.

A large farm-house stood upon a hill very near to Mrs. Tusker's ; in this house a family from the town had lodgings. These children very often met with Thia and Helen in the lanes or on the sea-shore ; and, when first they came, Betsy was willing to allow the children to play together, but she very soon found that one of the boys was so very rude and disobedient that his influence had a very bad effect upon Helen, who quickly repeated the rude language she heard.

When Betsy found that Helen was really becoming fond of rude, unkind play, she spoke openly to Mrs. Siddal, who at once forbade the children playing with Willy again. Helen felt very much aggrieved by this command, but as she knew that her



mother must be obeyed, she kept steadily by Betsy whenever Willy came near.

One day Thia had gone with her mother to town for the day ; they were not to return until evening, when the father was to bring them back, and he, perhaps, would stay for a few days. Now Betsy was very busy with baby, who had been restless all night, so Helen was free to follow her own devices. She went into the barn, but had no one to swing her ; then feeling very lonely, went off to Mrs. Tusker in the kitchen.

Now, the kind farmer's wife was very busy, but seeing that little Helen was lost for want of something to do, she asked her if she would like to gather some currants for her to put into a pie, and some to send to market. Helen was delighted, and took the large basket which was given her, quite intending to bring it back well filled.

The large currant bushes were in the kitchen garden. Helen soon chose the one she intended to strip, and set to work very eagerly. The large red clusters looked bright and beautiful as they lay in the bottom of the basket, and for some time

Helen enjoyed the work very much, and felt pride in the thought that she could be of use to Mrs. Tusker; but after a while the feeling crept over her that the basket filled very, very slowly; it was not half, not a quarter full, although she had been working until she really was quite hot and tired. She had not Thia's perseverance, and could not bear working alone, so idleness got the better of good resolution, and the basket was deserted. Helen then ran into the house to Betsy, but she had just hushed baby off to sleep, and could not be disturbed; and once more the child was in the garden alone. She then remembered what good fun it had been when first they came, to thread the flowers of the lilac trees into necklaces for baby. This would be just the thing for her to do now. She might sit down in a shady place, and make a long chain for Thia to wear when she returned.

Off ran Helen to gather some bunches of lilac, but when she reached the trees she found the flowers were all gone; the trees looked as desolate and lonely as she felt.

Now, the lilac trees grew upon what the

children called "The Mount." This was a slight elevation or little hill at some distance from the house.

One side of the Mount was perpendicular, rising straight up from the high road, from which it was separated by a slight fence; the other side was covered with shrubs and evergreens, sloping gradually down to the garden. When first the children came to the farm they had often amused themselves upon this mount by jumping contests; beginning near the bottom with a jump of two or three feet in height, they rose gradually higher and higher, jumping deeper as they rose, until one half foot more in height seemed too desperate a leap. They had both improved in jumping power since they came, and had learned to look with contempt upon the tiny leaps they had felt so venturesome at first.

Finding no lilac flowers upon the trees, Helen sat down upon the Mount to watch the people passing upon the high road. Presently Willy, the boy with whom she had been forbidden to play, came sauntering along idly, switching a new whip. Seeing

Helen, he spoke to her, and Helen, tired of being alone, and not liking to tell him that she had been forbidden to play with him, answered, and very soon agreed to have a jumping contest. Helen was two or three years younger than Willy, but a much better jumper. After a few trials this became so evident that Willy grew angry, and in very rude, rough language refused to jump any more.

Helen's anger and conceit were now thoroughly roused. She laughed a loud defiant laugh, while she said, "Oh! you coward; to be beaten by a girl!"

This was more than Willy could endure. There were some loose bricks lying in the hollow by the Mount. He took one up, and aimed straight at Helen, who stood triumphant above him. He aimed well; the brick struck her knee, and she fell down senseless. The boy, seeing what he had done, ran off, and Helen never saw him again.

How long Helen lay unconscious she never knew. She awakened to feel terrible pain in her leg, with a dull, heavy feeling

in her head. Then she remembered what had passed, and that she had disobeyed her mother. Helen then made an effort to stand, but sank down immediately. No, her leg must be broken, she felt; and she was so far, so very far from the house. She called loudly for help, but the cries which she meant to be loud were very faint, and quite unheard by those who passed upon the road. Again she tried to walk, but her leg sank under her, and the pain was so great that she lay for some time unable to do anything but moan. At last she roused herself; she must try to reach home; Betsy could never hear her cries there, and no one knew where she was. So, as she could not walk, she must try to crawl home.

Now, crawling on one leg over uneven ground is not very easy work for any little girl of six years old, even if both legs are uninjured; and poor little Helen was sorely punished that afternoon for her disobedience. Many times she was forced to stop and lie down; and when she did go on, it was at such a slow pace that she seemed

to make no progress. Several times she called Betsy, but she was so faint that her cry was unheard. At last she reached the gate of the kitchen garden, but not until the sun was low down, very nearly setting, then she heard a welcome cry,—

“Helen! Helen!”

“Oh! I am here,” she cried, as loudly as as she could. Her cry was heard, and in a few minutes she rested in Betsy’s arms.

Helen could cry now as much as she liked; and, indeed, there was some reason for tears. When Betsy took her into the parlour where her father and mother were at tea, they examined the leg, and found it so much injured and terribly swollen that her father decided at once to take her back to town that night, in order that their own surgeon might examine and attend to her properly.

This was another punishment for Helen. She knew that her kind father had brought her mother and Thia home with the intention of staying all night, and now she was depriving him of the pleasant evening walk upon the shore, and of his morning’s bathe

in the sea ; she felt very unworthy of all the love and pity she received.

Betsy was privately reprov'd by Mrs. Siddal for allowing Helen to be so long alone and unwatched ; but Betsy excused herself upon the ground of baby's fretfulness, and declared that she had searched the garden for Helen twice before her father and mother returned, but felt sure that the child was only hiding somewhere for play ; however, this was a lesson she should never forget. As to Helen, she felt that she had brought all this pain upon herself by disobeying her mother, and must try to endure the suffering patiently, even though every movement of the car gave her so much pain.

When the surgeon, Mr. Cochrane, came, he said that he believed the knee was not broken, but so much injured that it would be some weeks before Helen could walk properly again. He ordered four leeches to be applied to reduce the swelling ; and Helen lay feverish and restless for a day and night before the leg was firmly bound up.

The father had carried Helen at once to his own room, and put her into the large bed. He sat up with her himself during the first night of pain, but the next night he went up to the little bed in the children's room, and Helen held full possession of her mother's room, day and night,—very restless, wearisome days those were for Helen, a sad change from her pleasant sea-side life. She had plenty of time now in which to regret her disobedience and the rude, taunting speech to Willy. She was quite alone the greater part of the day, for her mother could not leave the baby long, and her father said there was no necessity for their leaving the farm sooner than they had at first intended. Helen must stay in town for Mr. Cochrane to watch ; and so she lay in bed alone ; her father, however, came up-stairs at least once in every hour to spend a few minutes in cheering her up ; and Jane took very good care of her in every way.

One day when Helen was feeling specially forlorn, some cousins came to see her ; they were on their way to spend the day with her mother and Thia, but thought they would



take a few minutes from the day to let Helen look at a very pretty doll which they had brought, dressed very quaintly in some eastern dress.

This doll attracted Helen ; she had never seen one dressed so daintily before, and insisted upon having it with her in bed, when her wish was granted ; the poor child felt so soothed and comforted, that she fell fast asleep with the little treasure in her hands, —a sweet, sound sleep, almost the first she had taken for a week ; but when she awakened, both doll and cousins had disappeared !





## CHAPTER V.

### A QUIET SUNDAY.

**S**UNDAY came at last, and Helen's father promised that she should rise on that day, and be carried to the sofa in the best sitting-room, which was seldom used but on Sundays.

This room was a large, upper room, with two windows; and Helen always felt sitting there to be a part of the Sunday's pleasure; for Helen liked pretty things, and almost all the pretty furniture of the house stood in that room, which was called the drawing-room, to distinguish it from the little back parlour below.

Very early on Sunday morning, Helen's father carried her into the drawing-room, and placed her on the soft grey sofa; then they had breakfast together, and were very happy in talking of some plans for making the

house look bright and pleasant for mother and Thia when they returned next week.

When breakfast was over, her father said that he knew Helen would not wish to keep him from service all day, so he would go in the morning, and stay with her the rest of the time; but before he went, she should read to him a chapter of the Bible.

Helen wondered how she could do this, for it was now very nearly time for her father to go, and it would take a long time to read a whole chapter of the Bible. She watched her father open the large family Bible on the little table by the window, then he took her upon his knee, and pointing out the place for her upon the open page, Helen read the shortest chapter in the Bible, the 117th Psalm—

"O praise the Lord, all ye nations : praise him, all ye people. For his merciful kindness is great towards us : and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord."

When Helen had read this chapter, her father kissed her, and said that he hoped she would think, while he was away, of the "merciful kindness" of God toward her.

Many little children had been killed, or maimed for life, by a stone thrown without any real intention of doing harm ; but she had been spared, and would soon, he hoped, be quite strong ; so he did hope that she would always keep a loving, grateful heart for Him who had preserved her, and try to show her love and gratitude by obeying His commands.

Helen promised that she would try ; but said that she always wished, and meant to obey God, and honour her parents, yet the very first minute she was tempted, she always forgot, and was naughty.

“ I must pray more earnestly for my little girl, that she may be strengthened to resist temptation ; and she must pray for help herself, darling,” said her father.

After this her father said “ Good-bye,” and Helen watched him go down the street ; then she found amusement in watching the groups of people going to church.

The bells of many churches were ringing, and Helen always liked the sound of church bells ; through the open window she heard them chiming and pealing with solemn glad-

ness; she could almost fancy that she heard or felt the air move as each stroke reverberated; then came the quick call to hurry people in. At length they stopped, and the air was silent, but for the shuffling feet of some late passers-by.

Helen still stayed by the window, and presently other people came out—those who did not intend to go to church. Some boys, who had been loitering about now began to play marbles; and Helen felt she ought not, and indeed she did not wish, to watch them playing when they might have been in church; so she thought she would try to read some more of the large Bible for herself.

Helen had never read in the Bible before that day. She had, of course, heard her father read it, but had never even opened the book herself, and now, when she did open it, she hardly knew where to begin.

Before she began to read in that Great Book, however, she must be comfortable; the arm-chair in which her father had left her was too high, so she slid down, and with some effort drew the Great Book down upon

the chair ; even this, however, did not suit her, she could not kneel without hurting her leg ; so she drew the Bible still lower, on to the floor, and then turned over the leaves, trying to find something to read.

At length she was attracted by the 8th chapter of Saint Matthew's Gospel, and began to read. She was soon absorbed in the interest, and read of the leper, who was healed ; of the faithful centurion ; of the stilling of the tempest ; and, finally, of the devils being driven out from the afflicted man.

I suppose that few children can understand the feelings of the child as she read this history. I believe that in these happier days there are very few children who have had the same experience as poor Helen.

Before Betsy came, they had a very wicked woman as nurse, who, when Helen was restless, and could not sleep, had frightened the child by telling her that a little cistern, which held rain water, was full of devils, and if Helen did not go to sleep she (the wicked Jane) would tell them to come down to her.

How many nights of misery, how many days of agonized gazing upon that mysterious rain-water cistern poor little Helen passed, I do not know, but at length, somehow, the story came to the ears of Helen's father, and then there was an end for ever of Jane's rule; she was discharged instantly, but many years passed before Helen learned to believe and have true faith that she had a heavenly Father ever ready to listen to her cry, but in whose presence all devils tremble.

Helen was alone that Sunday morning, and when she read that dreaded word, even though it was of their being cast out by her Saviour, the poor child's fear returned; she closed the book hastily, and went to the window.

Again Helen watched the passers-by until she was tired, then she crawled to the mantelpiece, and, standing upon one leg, took down a very pretty shell which had been given to her; she listened for a long time to the music of the shell, then went to the window again. Suddenly she remembered the chapter her father once read about

the lost sheep ; if she could find that, how much she would like to read it.

Once more Helen went to the Bible, but all her efforts were vain, she could not find it, and was closing the book in despair when some words in the last chapter caught her eye, and she read it through.

Helen felt all the grandeur and beauty of this chapter, although she could not understand many of the expressions. She wondered where this place was which was shown, where there should be no more night, no more curse, which none could enter but those who keep the commandments of God. It was very beautiful, and though Helen could not understand it, she still felt some of that feeling of happiness which those words have given to Christian men and women for more than eighteen hundred years.

Full of quiet contented happiness Helen crept back to the sofa and slept until her father came back, and aroused her by opening the door.

After dinner, Helen sat upon her father's knee, and watched the people passing on



their way to church, or going out for a walk in the country. When the church bells ceased ringing, the street grew quieter, and then Helen ventured to tell her father of what she had read in the morning, and how she could not help being frightened, although she knew it was wrong.

Helen's father smiled, and said that he was not surprised to hear that she had felt frightened, when he knew how much her mind had suffered two years ago, so much that even a cackling hen could terrify her; but he was very glad that she had spoken openly to him, instead of keeping her fears to herself.

"Now, Helen dear," he said, "you and I will read that chapter together, and then we will see if you can ever have one fearful thought connected with it."

When Helen's father read the chapter it was indeed very different. First, he read the account of the leper, then stopping, he explained to Helen what a leper meant, and how this terrible disease compelled the sufferer to live in solitary places. Then he read to her that part of the 14th chapter of

Leviticus, which explains what is meant by "show thyself to the priest;" and Helen was very much interested in hearing of the two birds, and of the one which was set free.

Then Helen's father read of the centurion, and explained the meaning of the word, and why this Roman captain of a hundred soldiers was in Galilee. He also explained what our Saviour meant by saying that many should come "from the east and from the west," telling her that the Jews had always believed that no one could be holy but themselves; and indeed they were the chosen people of God—chosen to keep the true knowledge of His law, until He should come who was to be a "Light to lighten the *Gentiles*," as well as "the glory of His people Israel." He who came to lay down His life for the "other sheep," which were not of that fold, that "there might be one fold and one shepherd."

Then the father read the account of the other miracles of healing, and the miracle of staying the tempest, and finally came to Helen's dread, the account of the casting out of the devils.

"Now, Helen dear," the father said, "what frightened you here was simply the *word* devil, in connexion with what Jane, who left two years ago, used to say to you. I know very well that it was merely the word which frightened you."

"You could not be really unhappy because you read that two men who were sorely afflicted and tormented, were released from torment, were restored to their own homes, calm, quiet men, by the mercy of your Saviour."

"No," Helen said, "it was not that. I suppose it must have been that I cannot bear to hear, or see the word. I really am very glad that the men were set free, and the devils driven away; but, father," she continued, gaining courage when once she had mastered her fear of the word, "what does a devil mean?"

"Helen dear, if you mean, what does the devil look like? I must tell you the truth. I do not know, and I do not believe that any human being knows; but although I do not know what he looks like, I do know very well what he is. The devil is that

power which tempts us to disobey the commands of God, and, if we do not resist and renounce him, will lead us his captive slaves. My little girl knows that father has many sorts of tea in the shop, and that some of those cost a great deal of money, and some less. Now the devil has tempted me, by putting the thought into my heart, to mix some of the cheap tea with the more expensive tea, and so get more money than I ought for it; but I am thankful to say that God has so far given me grace to resist the devil's wicked thought, and I hope and pray that He always may. The devil tempted my little girl to steal seeds the other day, and again, still later, to disobey her mother; and, I am sorry to say, that she obeyed him. But as we read of only one Satan in the Bible—a Satan to put wicked thoughts and temptations into our hearts—I can tell my little Helen that we read of twelve legions of angels, angels who are sent on messages by their Lord, good messages, to help those who are sorry for their sins. My little Helen did not see the devil who tempted her to steal or to dis-

obey ; neither did she see the pure and holy angel who hovered over her, and put her in remembrance of the command of her Saviour to confess her sin to the person she had wronged."

Helen's father then read to her the account of the temptation of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the 4th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel ; and, when he had finished, he said, "This must be your example, dear Helen, and mine also. From our Saviour alone we must learn to renounce and resist the devil, and with us, as with Him, it must be by answering to the temptation, It is written that God said, 'Thou shalt not steal,' or, It is written, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness ;' or, whatever the temptation may be, let us not answer in our own strength or wisdom, but with humble prayer for help from Him who set us the example of resisting temptation, and who therefore knows well how to help those who are tempted. He came to earth and suffered upon the cross, that we might be redeemed from the fear and the power of the devil. He gave no place to the devil while in His human form ; and when you

have read more of your Testament, you will find that all devils which possessed other people fled at His approach. Now, remember that this Saviour is not a dead Saviour, but a living Saviour, who ever liveth to make intercession for us, and you need have no fear of the devil. My little girl must learn more of this Saviour ; she must learn to love Him, and she may begin to learn one of His promises now. This will, I hope, be a help towards her becoming His servant."

Helen's father then gave her the 26th verse of the 12th chapter of St. John's Gospel to learn, and in a few minutes she repeated it : " If any man serve me, let him follow me ; and where I am, there shall also my servant be : if any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

" That is well, dear. Now, remember a servant obeys his or her master ; this you must do to your Master, Christ. His servants shall be where He is, and no devil can find a place there. Rest in this faith ; and may the love of our heavenly Father compass my little girl as with a strong shield."

Helen had passed a very happy afternoon,

and after tea she spent another happy hour before going to bed. Her father read the parables of the Good Samaritan and of the Lost Sheep. Then she rested on his knee, while he sang some of the psalms and hymns. Helen never forgot that Sunday, or the lesson of love for the Bible and faith in her Saviour, which her father had endeavoured to teach.





## CHAPTER VI.

### HELEN AND HER FATHER.

**M**ONDAY morning shone brightly into Helen's room, when her father came to see how she was. "Evidently better for being up yesterday," he said; so she might get up again to-day. And he also said that she had better stay up-stairs until her mother and Thia returned; the large light room up-stairs, with plenty of air, was much better for her than the little parlour down-stairs. Helen was very well contented with this arrangement; she was so truly thankful to leave the bedroom where she had spent so many restless, lonely hours. Her mother had, indeed, come to town almost every day on her account, and had spent some time with her when she came, but nothing had enabled the child to bear cheerfully that week's confinement to the bedroom.



On Monday, when Helen felt free to play, she certainly felt much happier. Jane brought up the battledore and shuttlecock, and the box of ninepins ; but crawling after the shuttlecock or the ball hurt Helen's knee, so she was obliged to give up her attempt to play by herself.

Play by herself Helen could not, but she might read ; so she begged Jane, when next she came, to bring her the two volumes of the "Penny Magazine" which were in the book closet down-stairs. These books were Helen's grand storehouse of pleasure, for when she was tired of reading she was never tired of looking at the pictures, which were most beautiful in her eyes, more so than the most costly works of art are in the eyes of many people.

It is true that the pictures were but woodcuts, but they were copies of grand paintings or statues, the works of true masters of art.

There were copies of Raphael's cartoons : the representation of St. Paul preaching at Athens ; of St. Peter and St. Paul at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, and many others. There, too, were copies of Barry's

paintings—of the Final Retribution, where heroes, poets, artists, teachers, priests, and holy men were enjoying the full use of those faculties they had cultivated for God on earth, in the everlasting peace of heaven.

There, too, were copies of grand Grecian statues, the Laocoon, or Grecian father, struggling in the agonies of death with the serpents, from which he was striving to free his sons.

The Niobe, or Grecian mother, who was petrified or turned into stone by grief for the death of her children.

Then there were the illustrations of the Robin-Hood ballads, and of the histories from Froissart, where the Black Prince knelt meekly before his father after the battle of Crecy ; and the six noble burghers of Calais stood with halters round their necks before the angry Edward and his pitiful Queen. There, too, was the story of the Cid, Helen's favourite hero, and she was perched upon the sofa studying the history of the Spanish champion when her mother entered.

Helen was very glad to see her mother,

and told her what a pleasant afternoon she had spent yesterday; and yet how glad she should be to have Thia, baby, and all of them back again, as she was not allowed to return to them.

Helen's mother could not stay long, but she said that in the afternoon Jane might take her into the kitchen for a little while, and then she showed her six dusters which she had just bought, and asked Helen if she would like to hem one, it would be pleasant to work when she was tired of reading. Helen was very glad to have the work, so her mother lent her a carefully treasured little workbox, which she had used when a child herself, and when her mother had gone Helen examined the little treasure.

The box was covered with red leather, the lid lined with white satin, and although everything was very small, still it was well stocked with needles, cotton, scissors, bod-kin, a pretty little emery cushion, and even a tiny thimble, which was rather too small for Helen, so she used her own.

This was a very pretty little box, and Helen was very glad to have full possession

of it for three days. She began her work immediately by turning the hem, and when she began to sew found it was very soft, easy work. Her mother had told her that she need not put her stitches very closely together; so she soon found herself at the end of the side.

What time was that striking upon the clock?

Why, only eleven! and one side of the duster had been hemmed since half-past ten. This was splendid; she should have more than finished it by dinner-time.

Dinner-time came, and her father came up-stairs to have his with her; and then Helen was able to show him two dusters, hemmed, and neatly folded up.

"And, O father," she said, "I do hope that I shall be able to do them all; mother will be so much pleased if I finish them,—will she not? for she only told me to do one."

Helen's father was as much pleased as she could wish him to be, with her industry. He examined the work, and told her it was very good indeed for a little work-woman of

six years of age. Helen was very glad that her father was pleased with her work, as she knew that he never praised or blamed unjustly; so in the afternoon she threw all the eagerness of her heart into her fingers. Jane who came up to carry her into the kitchen was told that mother had only said, "might go," not "must go;" and she did want so very much to finish these dusters. The Cid was forgotten for the time, Robin Hood and the Black Prince might wait until the work was done, but when it was done, and her father coming up to tea, found the six dusters lying folded neatly upon his plate, he found also that the little fingers were very tired.

The excitement of working so eagerly after a week's illness had been a little too much for Helen's head, which was feverish and heavy. Her father had but to look into her sparkling eyes to see the state of the case; so he proposed that she should go to bed as soon as tea was over.

Helen said, "No, that would never do. She knew she could not sleep if she went; but if father would take her on his knee,

and tell her a nice tale, she knew she should go to sleep directly, and "O please, father, do."

Helen's father could not resist this. He tried to think of some quiet, sleepy story, and at last told her the tale of

#### THE FAITHFUL TRUSTEE.

There lived in a certain village a young man whom we will call Peter. He was honest, industrious, and faithful; but had never been able to save any money. Now, Peter loved the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and she loved him; but her father would not allow them to marry, because Peter was so poor.

"There is no use in being cast down," Peter said to Lucy, "I have lived very barely, but I must try to live upon still less. I cannot and do not repent having given half my wages to my poor mother; and I am very sure that our heavenly Father would not bless our marriage if we began it by disobeying our earthly parents, who only desire our real good, so we must

wait until I can somehow save enough to furnish a cottage and buy a few goats, and then I will ask your father's consent again."

A year had passed since Peter's refusal by the farmer, when one night, as he was returning from his work, he saw something lying upon the ground. He picked it up, and found that it was a sealed canvas bag, evidently containing money. Peter looked up and down the road to see if there was any one in sight who might have lost it; but no, there was no one.

"Well," thought Peter, "I will take it to the vicar, and perhaps he will be able to help me to find the owner."

When Peter reached the vicarage, he was admitted into the study, where the vicar was seated by the fire. In a very few words the story of the bag was told, the bag itself produced, and laid upon the table.

"Well, Peter," said the vicar, "what do you intend to do?"

"Indeed, sir," was the answer, "I do not know; if you cannot help me to find the owner, I really do not know what to do. It was to ask your help I came."

"Well," said the vicar, "my advice is, that, in the first place, we open the bag, and see how much money it contains ; and I will call in my wife as a witness."

This was soon done ; but before the vicar broke the seals, he examined them very carefully, and found the initials "G. S." on both seals.

Peter had never seen so much money in his life as that which rolled from the bag on to the study table—a shining heap of golden pieces. He could not help wishing that a few at least were his ; but he resisted the thought, knowing well that it was a temptation of Satan.

Five hundred pounds were found in the bag. After carefully counting the money, the vicar asked Peter whether he would take charge of it, or leave it in his hands.

Peter said that he had no place in which to keep so much money, so if the vicar would be kind enough to take charge of it, he should be thankful.

Then the vicar wrote upon a slip of paper the date of the day upon which the bag was found, the name and address of the finder,



a description of the seals, and an account of the money ; he then made a copy of this paper, and after signing his own name to both papers, asked his wife and Peter to sign theirs. He then put one of the papers into the bag, which he re-sealed with his own seal, and placed it in a bureau, which he carefully locked.

“Now, Peter,” said the vicar, “I will ride over to the market town to-morrow, and try to find the owner. If I do not succeed, I will leave an advertisement for him at the newspaper offices. This is all we can do at present ; and I am very glad you came straight on to me, as it enables me to set about the search for the owner immediately. He then gave Peter the copy of the paper which he had put in the bag, and, shaking hands with him, wished him a very “Good-night.”

A year passed away, and in that year the vicar had caused all possible search to be made for the owner of the bag ; but all search seemed useless.

Peter, in the meantime, worked steadily on. He saw Lucy but once a week, when

her father and mother gave him a neighbourly greeting as he passed them on his way to or from church ; and as to money matters, with all his bare living, poor Peter had saved only thirty shillings.

Upon the first anniversary of the day upon which Peter had found the money, he was going home from his work, when he was met by the vicar, who told him that he had come out purposely to speak with him.

"You see, Peter," he said, "that money is lying idle. I have been considering the case well, and have come to the conclusion that it is not right to let anything lie useless. We have done what we could to find the owner, and as we cannot, I feel sure you will only be acting rightly if you lay the money out in some way which will enable you to return it into the owner's hands should he ever make his appearance.

"The Dale farm is now on sale, the money would purchase it, and buy you stock enough to begin with ; you could work the farm, live upon its produce, and then the land would be ready for the owner of the money at any time.

“I should not have made this proposal to you, Peter, if I had not seen how very hard working you are; and as you have shown so much good sense in working for your master, as he tells me that you have, I feel sure you will be able to work the small Dale farm to advantage, especially as I hear that you are to have such a thrifty helpmate as soon as you have a home to which you may take her.”

Now, for some time, Peter had entirely forgotten the money, so the vicar's proposal was a most thorough surprise; but you may be sure that it was a very pleasant one. Peter felt it was right; Lucy felt it was right; Lucy's father felt it was right; and more than that, for once in a way all the people of the village thought it was right.

Peter had been a good son, a kind, helpful neighbour, and so no one envied him. On the day that he and Lucy were married, there was quite a rejoicing among the villagers, who felt that God had blessed them all in making this young couple happy.

Well, years passed; Peter had added two fields to the Dale farm, which was one of

the best kept in that part of the country ; the house was a beautiful picture of cleanliness and good order ; the four children were blooming with health, when one day, as Peter was passing down the road, he saw at a little distance a fallen carriage, whilst the coachman and two gentlemen were struggling with a restive horse.

Peter ran up to offer his assistance ; but, when he arrived, found that the carriage was so much broken, the blacksmith must come to repair it. He immediately offered the shelter of his house for the gentlemen, and of his stable for the horse, sending off one of his men to bring the blacksmith.

While the strangers were eating the simple meal which Lucy set before them, the elder traveller said,—

“This is certainly a very unfortunate place for me. I passed through this village ten years ago, and just about this place, on the very spot where the carriage was upset, I lost a bag of money containing five hundred pounds. I know I am right as to the place, for although I did not miss the money until I reached the end of my journey, yet when

I recalled circumstances, I very distinctly remembered hearing something fall. I stopped my horse and looked around, but not then having missed the money, did not know what to look for, and saw nothing save and except a very peculiar thorn-tree which overhung the road. Now, when the carriage was upset this morning, the first object which met my eyes through the shattered glass was that very thorn-tree ; so little changed that I knew it instantly, although I had seen it only once before, and that ten years ago."

Peter had been listening very attentively. "Sir," said he, "may I ask why you did not cause any search to be made for your money?"

"The answer is very simple," said the gentleman ; "I was then travelling in all haste to reach the next seaport, and embarked the next morning for India, where I have been for the last ten years. I did not know the name of the village near which I had lost my money, and so thought it useless to write and give my friends any trouble about the matter, although I must own that I could very ill afford to lose it at that time."

Peter and Lucy looked at each other, and withdrew from the room.

When the travellers had finished their meal, Peter begged them to visit his farm; he showed them over every place, and they praised the good order in the buildings, and evidently good farming of the land, as much as they deserved. Peter then turned to the gentleman who had lost the money—

“Sir,” said he, “this farm, and all that is upon it, is your property.”

“I do not understand you,” was the reply.

Then Peter told the tale of the money which he had found, and of the good vicar’s advice, which he had followed.

“I have had nine happy years, sir, upon this farm,” he said, “and now I have one favour to ask you.”

“It is granted, I am sure,” was the reply. “A truly honest man, such as you have proved yourself to be, is certain to ask nothing which I shall find it dishonourable to grant.”

“My request, sir, is that you will kindly

allow me to be your first tenant, if you are satisfied with my management of your property ; I can afford to pay you eighty pounds a year as rent, and I think you will find that the usual rent of farms like this in our part of the country."

" My good friend," said the gentleman, " if I did not fear to hurt your feeling of independence, I should say, live upon it without any rent ; and you shall most assuredly have it upon any terms you like. I cannot express my gratitude for the care you have taken of your trust, although I can see that it has not been to earn the praise of man that you have acted as you have done, but from the very highest motive—a feeling of devotion to the law of your God."

And so Peter and Lucy lived very happily upon the farm all their lives. Every year their landlord paid them a friendly visit ; the children soon learned to look upon this visit as one of the greatest pleasures of the year, for he knew each child by name, and took as much interest in their welfare as if he had been a near relative.

When at last the landlord died, it was

found that he had bequeathed the farm to Lucy and Peter; and upon their death it was to go to their eldest son, who had been called after the good vicar, whose advice had laid the foundation of their happy home.

“Father, I like that story,” said Helen.

“So do I, darling. When first I read it, I was very little older than you are now, it made a great impression upon me, and I have never forgotten it.”

“And what became of the good vicar?”

“Oh, I feel sure that he must have been dead before the carriage was broken, or some mention would have been made of him.”

“Do you think it is true, father?”

“Well, I do not know; but I fancy there must have been some foundation of truth for the story. I have always liked to believe that it was true. I must tell you, too, that I believe it is a French story, and that I have altered the names to English names, because I liked them better.”

“Thank you, father, very much. I am so glad that I have been hurt, as I have had you with me so much.”



"I hope, Helen, that you do not rejoice in the cause of your illness, for if you do, I must be very cross, leave you alone, and not sing you one song, or even talk with you."

"O no, father! I do not mean that. I am sure I shall never forget the pain in my leg, or that horrible bed last week, when I was so hot and tired. I do hope that I shall never be so naughty again; but I do like having you, father."

"Well, darling, your father was given you that you might love him, as you were given for his love, so let us be very thankful for each other; and now I shall carry you upstairs, and you must fall asleep as quickly as possible."

The next morning, when the surgeon came, he asked if Helen had been out of doors. When he heard that she had not, he said that he had to visit a patient three miles out of town, and if Helen could have her bonnet on in three minutes, she should go with him, as the ride would do her good. Now, Mr. Cochrane was an old friend of the family, so Helen did not feel him a stranger, and was very well pleased to have the nice long

ride in his carriage. The kind doctor was very merry with her, and had a pleasant way of pointing out any interesting objects, which made the journey a very happy one.

When Helen was lifted out of the carriage she was very glad to feel Dash rubbing his nose against her. She had not seen him once while she was ill, for he was a very large dog, who took a great deal of out-door exercise, and was not very particular in cleaning his paws after an excursion, so he was never allowed to go up-stairs.

Now Dash barked round Helen, and showed as much pleasure as if he knew all about her accident and recovery; so she stayed down in the little parlour that she might have the pleasure of talking to him; then she set to work upon a little pin-cushion, which she had begun for her mother, and which she was very anxious to finish before the return from the sea-side.

If the truth must be told, Helen's mother frequently complained of her want of perseverance; she began so many things without finishing any. She was always ready to seize upon any new idea, but seldom took

the pains to work it out ; and Helen wished to prove by the pin-cushion and dusters that she really was anxious to cure her fault.

Dash, Helen, and her father dined in the little parlour, and after dinner Helen finished the pin-cushion, and folded it up with the dusters ; then she played with Dash until Jane came to carry her off to the kitchen ; there she was very happy, sitting upon the dresser watching Jane making up the bread. She stayed until Jane decided that the kitchen was too hot for her, and said she must go and lie down upon the sofa, or she would not be quite well to-morrow when her mother came back.

Lying quietly upon the sofa, Helen had plenty of time for thought. She wondered whether she had been brought to town really to be near Mr. Cochrane, or because she had been disobedient and rude. She wondered whether Thia would have been brought to town, and left so much alone, if she had hurt her leg by falling down-stairs accidentally ; and, finally, she wondered whether her father thought she had been punished sufficiently.

Tea brought her father up-stairs, and Helen

showed him the pin-cushion, which he pronounced "Very pretty, and very neatly sewed;" then he said,—

"Helen, I had a note from your uncle this afternoon, enclosing two tickets for the Panorama—one for me and one for you, if I thought proper to take you. Shall I?"

Helen looked up to see if her father was in earnest. Yes! he certainly was; then she hung her head. She remembered her "wonder" of the afternoon, as to whether she had been punished sufficiently.

"If I may, father, please," she said very humbly.

"Yes, I do think you may, little one," was the reply. "I have been thinking all day that I must make you clearly understand you are forgiven; and as your fault has received its punishment, your mother and I will never add to it by reminding you of it again, for we both see that you are really sorry; and I am very glad that these tickets came, as they enable me to prove that you are restored to your old place in our love and trust. So there is one kiss to seal my forgiveness, and there is

one for mother, who is not here to give it herself."

Helen had never seen or heard of a panorama, so did not in the least know what to expect; and her father was rather desirous that she should go to be surprised, as well as pleased; so he told her that she would see several large paintings representing scenes near the North Pole.

"You know what is meant by the North Pole, Helen?"

"O yes!" Helen remembered that Miss Anne had told them in school about the ice, and about the long days in summer, and the long nights in winter.

Then Helen's father showed her upon an atlas the route travelled by Ross and Parry, and told her that Sir James Ross had been blocked up in the ice for more than three winters, in fact until people in England believed him dead; but by leaving their ship and crossing the fields of ice, he and his crew had at length been saved by a whaling ship, and brought safely back to England. The pictures in the panorama were to show something of those cold ice countries.

## *WAITING FOR THE PICTURES.* 95

At five minutes to eight o'clock Helen found herself for the first time in her life passing through the entrance of a public room. A great many seats were filled when they entered, but her father stood still until he saw a good vacant place, and then quietly seated himself there with Helen by his side.

Directly before them was a large, dark green curtain. Helen looked round for the pictures; there were none. An immense number of people were there, talking and looking expectant. Also, Helen saw a great many little children all bright and happy, but no pictures; it was very strange. Helen ventured to whisper to her father "Father, where are the pictures?"

"Wait a minute, little one, it is not quite eight o'clock yet."

The words were scarcely out of her father's mouth when Helen heard soft music. This rose higher and higher. The room was darkened, and Helen clung more closely to her father. Still that strange, beautiful music filled the air. Then a bright light shone from behind the green curtain. The music rose higher still; and at length the

curtain rose also, disclosing such a picture as had never entered into Helen's thoughts. One side of the room seemed to be filled up with sparkling white mountains. A beautiful ship was sailing upon some dark green water; strange boats which seemed to be fastened to the bodies of the men who rowed them floated round the ship; while queer seals, and great white-tusked walruses, were lying upon large blocks of ice in the foreground.

What a wonderful panorama that was, and how can I describe its glory?

Fur-clothed Esquimaux, and their little snow houses appeared upon some of the scenes, where vivid Northern Lights gleamed across the landscape. The room was darkened, but upon that wonderful canvas there was a brilliant light, for there shone the Arctic moon, with lunar rainbows, while wonderful stars not only shone, but really and truly twinkled.

It really was a most beautiful panorama, and to Helen a perfect entrance into Fairyland. The concluding scene raised it into far higher regions than Arctic or fairy, how-

ever ; for the exhibitor coming forward said, —“ Ladies and gentlemen, I have to thank you for your intelligent appreciation of my panorama. The scenes from the Arctic regions are now exhausted ; but in conclusion I shall have the honour to present to your notice a dissolving view of the sepulchre of our “Divine Redeemer,” as it appears by night, and on the morning of the Easter festival.”

The exhibitor bowed and retired. The room was again darkened, and soft, wild, Miserere notes wailed their harmony from the organ behind the scenes. A strange quiet settled upon the audience ; the green curtain slowly rose, displaying a very beautiful representation of the interior of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre ; a few silver lamps suspended from the roof threw a dim light upon many dark-robed men, who prostrated themselves in prayer before a richly ornamented screen ; while Helen remembered enough of her father’s reading to know that the large stone was intended to represent “the stone which was rolled from the mouth of the sepulchre upon the first Easter day.”

The soft plaintive music swelled ; the



kneeling figures knelt still in such fervent prayer, that it seemed impossible to resist the temptation to join in their supplications, when suddenly, as it were, in an instant the music changed.

A grand "Jubilate Deo" rang through the room, and lo! even while Helen looked, the dark-robed figures faded away, and in their places stately figures in rich eastern dresses thronged the church, which was now flooded with brilliant light, while the air was filled with melody; but it was the triumphant melody of thanksgiving. Before Helen's surprise had allowed her to take a steady look at the illuminated church, the green curtain was lowered, and every one prepared to leave the room. Oh, what a glory hung over that panorama! Helen's dreams were happily filled by sparkling icebergs, lunar rainbows, reindeer, and Esquimaux for many months; and the remembrance of that triumphant Jubilate was never effaced.

The panorama was a happy conclusion to Helen's holiday time, and the next day she returned to her old home life.

## A CHILD AT PRAYER.

---

KNEEL, my child, for God is here!  
Bend in love, and not in fear;  
Kneel before Him now in prayer;  
Thank Him for His constant care;  
Praise Him for His bounty shed  
Every moment on Thy head;  
Ask Him to point out Thy way,  
And to guard thee through the day;  
Ask Him still to watch and keep  
Thee in the silent hours of sleep;  
Ask for light to know His word;  
Ask for love to shed abroad;  
Pray for strength, for thou art weak,  
And for grace and mercy seek;

Ask for faith, to bear thee on,  
Through the might of Christ, His Son;  
Pray for mercy in His name  
Who from heaven to save thee came;  
Ask His Spirit still to guide thee  
Through the ills that may betide thee;  
Ask for peace to lull to rest  
Every tumult of the breast;  
Ask His soul-sustaining truth  
As the spring-dew of thy youth;  
Ask His promises to bless  
Thee in thy age's helplessness;  
Ask in awe, but not in fear;  
Kneel, my child, for God is here!

God thy Father is, and Friend,  
Thy only stay, thy only trust;  
He loves thee, and His wings extend  
To shield thee, though a child of dust.

Love Him, then, for He is good;  
Sink before Him—He is wise ;  
Life and health, and rest and food,  
He still ordains, and still supplies.

Love Him—for He loveth thee,  
Bendeth now thy prayer to hear;  
Kneel, then, in deep humility,  
And pray, my child, for God is near.



---

EDINBURGH : PRINTED BY T. AND A. CONSTABLE,  
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY.











